


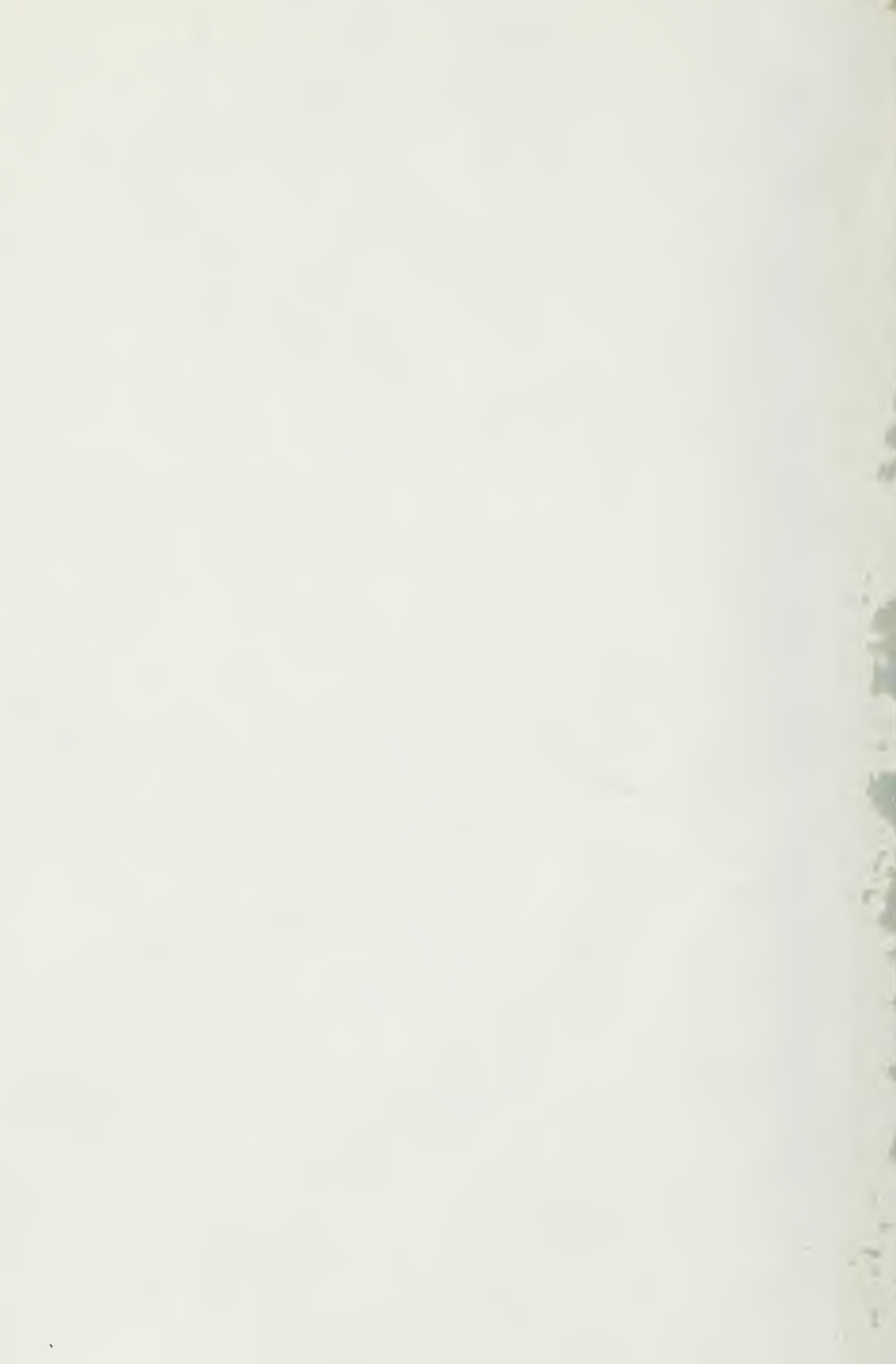
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Will and Katharine Griffith
ed.)
Historic Nauvoo.

(1941)



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Historic
NAUVOO



ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY



FRUIT OF THE VINE

Historic
NAUVOO

A Descriptive Story of Nauvoo, Illinois . . .
Its History, People, and Beauty

AMERICAN QUEST SERIES

Edited by
WILL GRIFFITH
and
KATHARINE GRIFFITH

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Publisher's Note

The story of Nauvoo is one that is entwined with that of the Mormon Church. This subject, a highly controversial one, has given rise to many extreme, highly colored tales that are neither correct nor fair to all sides.

This story of the Mormons in Nauvoo was written after a most extensive research. It is impartial and unbiased. No attempt has been made to enter into a theological discussion of Mormonism, no endeavor to determine the right or wrong in the matter. The only interest has been to give the historical facts clearly and truthfully along with the color of this unique episode in Illinois history. Written by a non-Mormon, it has been praised by leaders of both factions of the Mormon church and by students of Illinois history as the most impartial story yet written of these dramatic and troublesome times in the growth of the state of Illinois.

QUEST PUBLISHING COMPANY



The Mansion House, Nauvoo, from a painting by Lane K. Newberry, Illinois artist

Evolution of An American Town

By Will Griffith

AT one of the great bends of the Mississippi River, practically surrounded on three sides by the waters of that mighty stream, lies the town of Nauvoo, Illinois. Here is one of those rare towns in this land of ours—a town with a past—and a present.

As the visitor swings along "Ole Man River," on that concrete ribbon of highway approaching Nauvoo from the south, he sees first the bottom or "flat" and then the hill forming a scenic back drop for this quaint, interesting town.

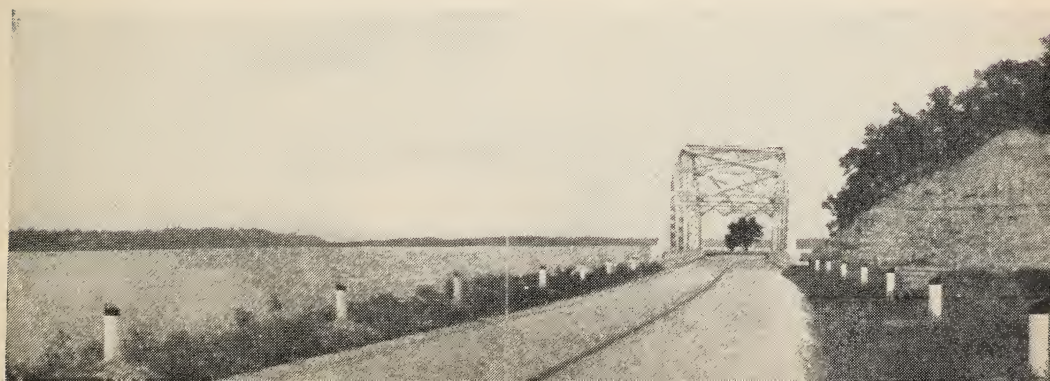
Fruit trees and vineyards nestle on the hillside among the homesteads, intriguing old houses dot the "flat," the verdant shores of Iowa rise in the distance above the waters of the river, the business district of the modern town rides the crest of the bluff. Nature and man are friendly here.

The Sac and Fox Indians had a village at this bend of the river, known as Quashquema. Captain James White built the first house in the county, in 1824, of native stone and walnut. Portions of it still are visible at the water's edge about a block above the ferry landing.

The first white settlement was named Venus, and later called Commerce. When taken over by Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet, he named it Nauvoo, meaning, according to him, "Beautiful Place."

In 1839 Joseph Smith and his followers, the Latter Day Saints or "Mormons," bought this land from Dr. Isaac Galland, Captain White, and others. It was then a marshy, uninhabitable stretch of bottom land back of which

Mount Moriah on scenic Highway 96 between Hamilton and Nauvoo



rose the hill or bluff. Under the Mormon leadership the bottom land was drained and made habitable. Soon a city began to blossom. In the early 1840's Nauvoo had become the largest city in Illinois with a population of 20,000, while Chicago had a mere 5000 inhabitants. Not all of these citizens were Mormons. Several Protestant denominations existed amid the Latter Day Saints. The Catholic parish was a small, poor one—in fact too poor to own a house of worship. The Masons, mostly Mormons, opened their Masonic Hall to the Catholics for a meeting place.

In 1846 the Mormons were expelled from the state of Illinois and began their historic trek westward. Nauvoo soon became almost a deserted city. A few years later, 1849, Etienne Cabet, and his followers in a communistic experiment, moved into the ready-made town of Nauvoo. The Icarians, as they were known, lived in Nauvoo seven years, trying their experiment in communism. Then they too left for the west—the experiment a failure. A few hundred inhabitants were all that remained of this twice thriving city.

German immigrants began to come to the community shortly after the exodus of the Icarians and gradually the town became stabilized. Vineyards sprang up, fruit trees began to blossom, and a normal community life started. It has continued to this day.

As the visitor approaches Nauvoo he seems to sense an atmosphere of peace. No railroad has ever entered this town. No large factories belch smoke and blast noise. No traffic whistles are in use. But a hearty, sincere welcome awaits and the visitor soon finds that although the tumult and the shouting are missing, nevertheless, business is being done. Scattered over an area large enough for a city of 30,000, the one thousand citizens make Nauvoo a live, progressive town, with a past of which, justly, they are proud.

Here, at this bend of the river, history has been made. You can smell it in the air, you can see it in the houses, you can feel it as soon as you get in the town. Many of the old Mormon houses remain, some of brick, with vine clad walls, some of wood, shining with recent paint, and some, nothing but drab shells of departed glory. A few of the Icarian apartment houses stand to remind the visitor, by their plain, unpainted, wooden shabbiness, of the attempt at communism that ended in death and defeat.

What drama and romance have held forth at this point on the Mississippi through the years! Mormons, Icarians, German immigrants, river pirates, bandits, Indians, vineyards, wine making, experiments in Communism, raids, riots, murder and sudden death, steam boats, airplanes—the new and the old—woven together in a pattern that holds the acme of romance and glamour.

On a sunshiny day the gleaming ripples of the mighty Mississippi, sparkling between the shores of the two great states of Iowa and Illinois, add the proper illumination to this scene of peace and beauty. If perchance, the night is a moonlit one, the visitor experiences all the thrills which such a perfect blending of the works of man and nature can evoke.

Nauvoo is a friendly city, a most friendly city. It is truly an American one. Catholics, Protestants, Latter Day Saints; descendants of German, French, and other nationalities; all join in the community life without the usual factional feuds and frictions.

A city with a past—and a present—an American city! Nauvoo!

Frontiers of Faith

BY EMMA JANE RILEY

PELTING snow stung the lean, bearded faces of the rugged teammasters. Half blinded by the swirling whiteness, the horses, their muscles stiff with cold, plunged on toward the Mississippi River.

"How far's to Quincy, Brother?" a woman shrilled from a lurching wagon.

The stalwart, stern man astride a suffering horse, replied, "Should be there before nightfall, Mother Smith."

Slowly, patiently, the cold, hungry band made its way across the bleak Missouri prairie. Mother Smith, her shawl clutched tightly about her thin shoulders, wished for a mouthful of warm food. It had been many days since the Mormon refugees had tasted anything except dry biscuits and salt meat. Only the prospect of a haven of refuge in Illinois brightened the thoughts of these troubled people as they traveled eastward. Many had left good homes built by the sweat of their brow to seek peace in the new state. Outcasts—they traveled with only their portable worldly possessions. Their minds were bruised, their bodies tortured—all for the sake of their religion. This was America, 1839. The Constitution guaranteed freedom of worship, but the bold bad men of the Missouri frontier had driven a people forth from their homes.

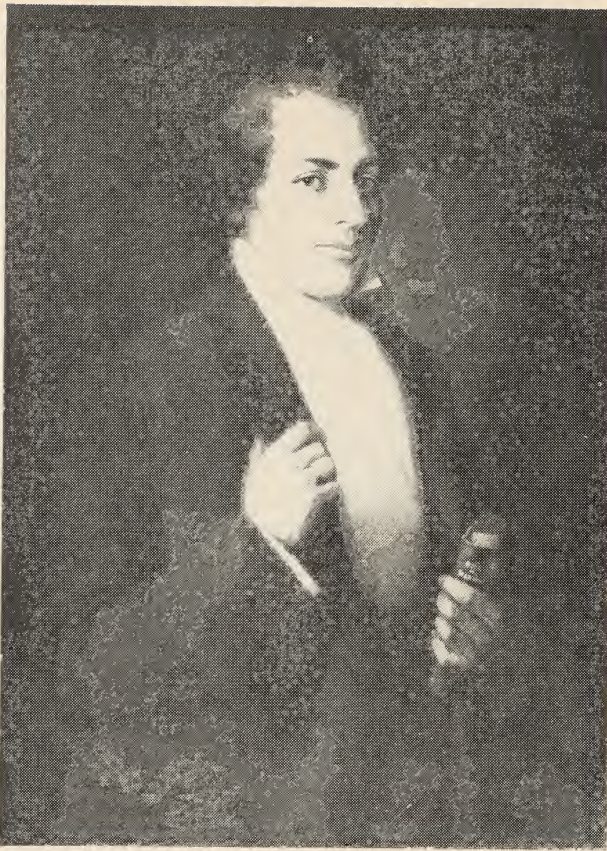
Toward evening, word spread joyously among the travelers that the goal was in sight. High on the bluffs of the great river, the little town, Quincy, of some 1800 population, loomed in welcome. Horses seemed to quicken their weary steps. Wagons lurched forward faster. At last the caravan, the river crossed, climbed the deeply rutted wagon road—its destination reached.

The people of Quincy were touched by the drawn faces of the sober men and women. Quickly, hot food for the refugees and fodder and water for the stock was provided. That night, for the first time in many nights, every Mormon had good hot food in his stomach and gratitude in his heart.

Over in Springfield, Governor Carlin heard that the Mormon refugees had arrived in Quincy. He made plans to assist in erecting temporary winter quarters for the suffering people. "Illinois," said Governor Carlin, "will show the Mormon people kindness and hospitality."

Stephen A. Douglas, then in the morning of his remarkable career, was quick to sense the political importance of the new settlers. Here was a vast number of votes for one of the parties. Here were potential taxpayers. Western Illinois was settled sparsely. The Mormon influx would add greatly to the population. Mormon relief work became of great interest to Douglas.

The newcomers were industrious—therein had been part of their trouble in Missouri; for the happy-go-lucky Missourians had resented the thrift and ability of the hard-working Mormons. With the assistance of the hospitable men and women of Quincy, the homeless people established comfortable



**Joseph Smith,
the Prophet**

The portraits of Joseph and Hyrum Smith reproduced on these pages hang in the great Temple at Salt Lake City. They were painted from death masks by the noted artist, L. A. Ramsey a native of Lawrence Coun-

quarters around the square. The Prophet languished in a Missouri jail, but the faithful had to live in the present.

When spring came, some of the Mormons moved to small farms in Adams and Hancock Counties. Others remained in Quincy where there was some work available.

Mother and Father Smith opened a museum in a little frame building on the corner of Sixth and Hampshire Streets. The curious paid ten cents to see the collection of curios, chiefly Egyptian mummies, and to talk to the Smiths about their remarkable son.

"He was a dreamer as a lad, my Joseph," Mother Smith liked to tell visitors, "but not much different from the other boys."

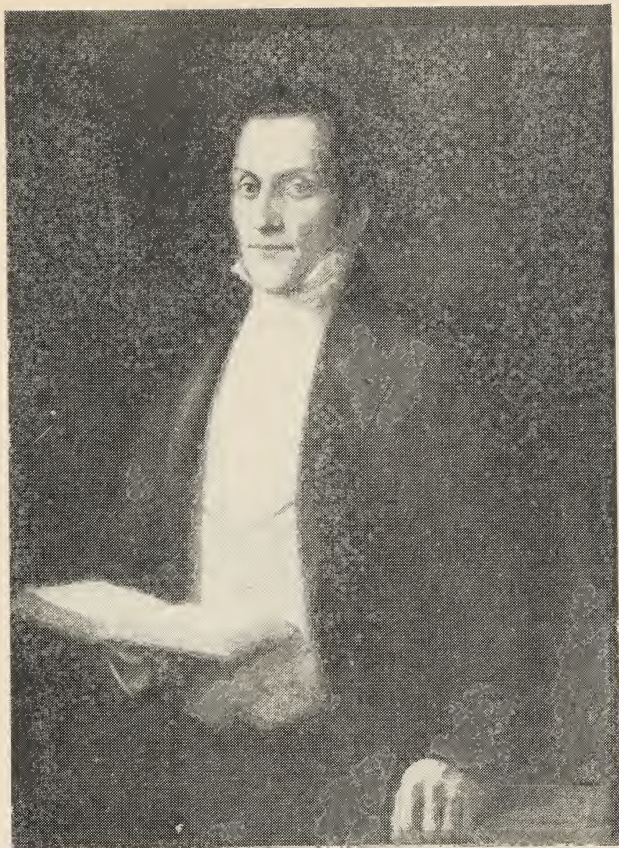
"Do you have the golden plates, here?" she was asked frequently.

This was her cue to relate the story of the finding of the golden plates—of how her son, born in Sharon, Vermont, two days before Christmas, 1805, had been visited by heavenly messengers who told him that he was marked for great things—of the Angel Moroni, who told the boy, Joseph, of the plates buried in the Hill Cumorah near Manchester, New York—of the mysterious jeweled Urim and Thummin which enabled the boy to translate the reformed Egyptian characters engraved on the plates.

If proper interest were displayed, Mother Smith went on to tell of Joseph's marriage to Emma Hale of Harmony, Pennsylvania—of his searches

**Hyrum Smith,
the Patriarch**

ty, Illinois. The clothes were the actual wearing apparel of the Smith's. The ties were tied for the artist by Mrs. Bathsheba Smith, who knew the Prophet and his brother in Nauvoo.



for buried treasure—of the actual work of translating the plates—how Joseph sat behind a blanket stretched across the room, and in a voice low and full of feeling dictated the precious words to his scribes.

Her peaked features always glowed with light when she spoke of the plates. Stretching her gnarled hands before her, she proudly declared, "I hefted them before Angel Moroni took them away."

Father Smith always had a copy of the Book of Mormon for sale. A perusal of the Book of Mormon revealed that it was filled with religious matter and related a history of ancient America. First inhabitants of the American continent, according to the book, were the followers of Jared, who sailed to this country at the time of the confusion of tongues at the tower of Babel. Many years after all the Jaredites were dead, one Lehi and his sons, Nephi, Laman, Lemud, and Sam brought their followers to America.

The Saviour visited the followers of Nephi and Laman following the Resurrection. He preached a slightly revised Sermon on the Mount, reinstituted Baptism and the Sacrament and appointed Twelve Disciples to carry out his mission. For many, many years the people prospered; then they fell into evil ways. The Nephites gradually disappeared until none were left. The Lamanites, according to the Book of Mormon, became the forebears of the North American Indians.

A visit to the Smith museum usually ended with Mother Smith expressing

a wish for the safety of her son. She seemed confident that he eventually would escape from the Missouri jail and return to his people.

"Is he not the Prophet of God in these latter days?" she murmured.

One day, as the people of Quincy were going about their business, two horsemen raced into town. Their leader, a handsome young man of about thirty-four, swung from the saddle and made for the Mormon camps in the square. He walked with a quick, graceful stride. People turned for a second look at him. Suddenly there were shouts of joy.

"Praise be to the Lord, for Brother Joseph's safety," men and women cried.

Joseph Smith, Prophet, Seer, and Revelator had returned to his people. Visits and greetings took most of the first day. Joseph had to find out how his people had fared. Church matters must be discussed.

Joseph decided that Quincy was not suitable as a permanent place of residence. Several years previously when the Mormons had migrated to Missouri from Ohio they had crossed the southern part of Hancock County. That county had few settlers. It was an ideal place to locate. Joseph bought a house and farm from Captain James White. Dr. Isaac Galland, an early day real estate promoter, tried to interest the Saints in Lee County, Iowa. He had large holdings there. Joseph preferred the east bank of the Mississippi; Dr. Galland took him on a trip of exploration. So Hancock County became the home of the Mormons.

The faithful were instructed that all were to move to the little town of Commerce on the river as soon as possible. It didn't take long for the Mormons to pack their worldly goods for the short trip to the north. Many hated to leave the relative comforts of Quincy for the crude little village of Commerce, but the Prophet had spoken.

Very few people lived in Commerce when the Saints arrived. It was a dreary place. Dank swamps reeked with malarial fever, and the few houses were inadequate for the needs of the Mormons. Joseph Smith directed that the swamps be drained and the underbrush grubbed out to rid the vicinity of the breeding spots of malaria. Houses, schools, business places must be built. It meant that every able bodied man must work and work hard.

Hills and hollows rang with the sounds of pounding hammers and singing saws. Oxen dragged huge logs from the forests into Commerce. Laughing men raced with each other to see how much work they could do in a day. Joseph platted the district, indicating town sites and school sites. He didn't like the name Commerce; so he renamed the town Nauvoo—a word he said was from the Hebrew, meaning "beautiful place."

While the men and boys built homes and places of business, the women planted crops and laid in supplies for the long harsh winter. Lazy Mormons were a rarity. Work was almost a part of the religion.

When building got under way, Joseph turned his attention to other matters. More converts were needed. True, in ten years the church had grown phenomenally, but always a church must have men and money. There had been many converts in Ohio and some in Missouri, but now Joseph wanted to bring thousands into his new city. The missionaries, who traveled without purse or script, ever seeking recruits, once more set out. Success was theirs.

Packet boats and stage coaches disgorged passengers to swell the Mormon tide.

More money, however, was needed. The Missourians had seized Mormon property to pay the cost of the month of guerilla warfare in that state.

"What right," asked Joseph, "did Governor Boggs of Missouri have to take legitimate Mormon property without due process of law?"

Many times the Prophet asked this question. The answer was always negative. He would go to Springfield and see if Governor Carlin could help him in the matter.

Whigs and Democrats alike had been watching the progress at Nauvoo with interest. Of course, they were glad for the increased revenue from taxes, but the real object of interest was votes. Votes to swing an election. How the greedy Whigs and Democrats eyed those Hancock County votes. Of course, Joseph Smith was welcome in Springfield. The best was none too good for him. He hobnobbed with Cyrus Walker, Justin Butterfield, Long John Wentworth, and Joshua Speed, argued theology with Peter Cartwright, the Methodist circuit rider, and had the run of the Executive Mansion. Legislators strove to please him. Of course, some effort would be made to secure redress from the State of Missouri.

The clever Illinois politicians would never make the mistake the Missourians had made. That the Mormons were Yankees and foes of slavery meant nothing to the Illinoisans. The Missourians had not wanted anti-slaveryites gaining control of the state, for the sentiments in that state were pro-slave. So the Missourians had driven the Mormons out of Independence and Jackson County, out of Clinton, Caldwell, Daviess, and Carroll Counties. And at

Heber C. Kimball House, Nauvoo



last—because they feared the power of the Saints and could not stand the presence of a people with sentiments alien to their own, the Missourians had told the Mormons to leave the state. Resistance brought on a month of warfare, and then the hopelessly outnumbered Saints had surrendered and left the state.

"Your people will always be welcome in this free state," the Whigs told Joseph.

"Illinois is a haven for the victims of persecutions," said the Democrats.

Joseph Smith was nobody's fool. Shrewd and amazingly clever, he took what he could get from both parties and voted as he pleased.

In Springfield, Joseph met John C. Bennett. This Bennett was a rascal who stood in with the state authorities. Sensing that the Mormons were bound to prosper, Bennett returned to Nauvoo with Joseph Smith. As the buildings multiplied in the city, Joseph realized that something must be done about a government. Arrangements must be made whereby the Mormons would be in no danger from snooping Missouri authorities.

Bennett said that the city of Alton had a charter which gave the municipal court the unheard of—for a city court—power of habeas corpus. Why not draft a similar charter for Nauvoo? An excellent idea thought Joseph.

So a charter was drafted. Of course, the town must have a militia. Illinois law required it and the state furnished arms. Joseph said that Nauvoo must have a university. He believed that education was essential to the welfare of a people, and that salvation was open only to the intelligent.

Stephen A. Douglas was Secretary of State. He assured Joseph that the Nauvoo Bill would pass the Legislature without difficulty. Did even the clever Douglas know how easily the bill would pass? Douglas assisted in the final drafting of the measure, and speeded it through the legislative hoppers. Whigs and Democrats alike fell over themselves to support it. Among the Whigs who voted for the bill, was Abraham Lincoln, in spite of the fact that the Mormons had scratched his name in order to write in that of a Democratic candidate for elector.

As Joseph and John Bennett jostled about in the creaking stage coach returning from Springfield, they were in high spirits. The Prophet had secured legal weapons. Under the provisions of the Nauvoo charter, the Municipal Court had the power of habeas corpus. There would be no danger from Missourians now.

When the Mormons went to the polls to elect city officials, John C. Bennett became mayor. Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon, and Hyrum Smith were among the elected aldermen.

Industry has its own reward. Once more the Saints were prospering. Although they had reached Illinois in a penniless condition but a short time before, they now had money in their pockets and there was money in the church coffers. Joseph's followers tithed. If they did not have money to tithe, they gave a tenth of their livestock, or grain, or produce to the Lord.

II

The population of Nauvoo reached 10,000. It was larger than Chicago. The Nauvoo Legion, armed by the state, had fourteen companies of well drilled men. Included in their numbers were men who had served under

**Drawing of Mormon
Temple at Nauvoo,
destroyed by fire
October 10, 1848**



Wellington on the field of Waterloo. Although he never saw military service, Joseph Smith, Lieutenant General of the Nauvoo Legion, reviewed his troops with as much aplomb as that of a general—veteran of many campaigns.

In his brilliant uniform, Joseph was a soldier from boot heels to epaulets. He rode Charley, his beautiful white charger, with skill and daring. In the pulpit, Joseph was a devout, inspired man, forcefully bringing a message to an eager people. In politics this man possessed acumen amazing in one so young. He absolutely ruled the temporal and spiritual affairs of his people. They loved him—almost worshipped him. What if he had been tarred and feathered in Kirtland, Ohio? All leaders must be victims of persecutions.

Perhaps Joseph's success with the Saints was due to the fact that he never held himself above them. He swam in the river. His long strong arms pulled his body through the water with great speed. He would accept any man's challenge in a wrestling match, and few could best him. Joseph kept himself in perfect physical condition.

Joseph allowed himself sports and pleasure for relaxation, but he seldom forgot he had work to do. When he learned that Governor Carlin could do nothing in the matter of redress from the State of Missouri, he resolved to go to Washington. Chauncey L. Higbee accompanied the Prophet on the trip. They sought and got an audience with President Van Buren. "Little Van" made the mistake of telling Joseph he could do nothing toward

solving the Saints' problem. Few Mormon votes were cast for Van Buren in the next election.

The Prophet met Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun. Clay suggested, upon hearing of the trials and tribulations of the Saints, that Joseph take his followers into the Oregon country. Calhoun said that the federal government could not enter into the difficulties between the citizens and a state. Some years before when Calhoun had resigned as vice-president in order to represent South Carolina in the Senate, Joseph had prophesied that there would be war between the North and the South—that the war would start in South Carolina—that England would be called upon to take sides in the struggle—and that the slaves would rise and turn on their masters.

Joseph and Higbee returned to Nauvoo disappointed in their failure to get aid in securing redress from Missouri. There was work to be done! Nauvoo was a hustling town, its stores were doing plenty of business. Joseph announced that he had had a Revelation calling for the building of a Temple. Funds had to be raised, and every man was required to donate time or money to the enterprise. No temple had been built at Independence, but at an earlier day the Saints had erected a small temple at Kirtland, Ohio.

The cornerstone of the Temple was laid at Nauvoo just eleven years to the day after incorporation of the Church of Jesus Christ. For days before the ceremony, crowds poured into Nauvoo. Some came by rattling stage coaches, others made a quiet journey up or down the river, while many rode horseback or walked.

As the fingers of night lifted the curtain to reveal the dawn, an artillery salute resounded through the county. Festivities had begun. Boys and girls

Capstone of Mormon Temple now in yard of Historical House, Quincy



hurried to the parade grounds to see the Legion march. Men and women, devout followers of the Prophet, crowded through the streets to the Temple Grove. They cared little for the military review. Visitors from Quincy and Springfield, from Iowa and Missouri, and from the many small Illinois hamlets jammed the streets, the Temple Grove, and the parade grounds.

Lieutenant General Joseph Smith, splendid in his striking uniform, and his staff reviewed the Nauvoo Legion. No crude frontier militia were these soldiers. When the last of the companies had passed the officers, Joseph wheeled "Old Charley" and galloped to the head of the ranks. He led the way to the Temple Grove, followed by the troops.

At the Temple Grove the Legion formed a hollow square. The assembled multitude stood within its formation. Still in uniform, Joseph placed a copy of the Book of Mormon, copies of the "Times and Seasons," a newspaper edited by the Prophet's younger brother, Don Carlos Smith, and a copy of the Book of Doctrine and Covenants in the corner stone. After his prayer, he introduced Brother Sidney Rigdon as the speaker of the day. Rigdon, a former follower of Alexander Campbell, had joined the Saints in Ohio and stood high in the church circles.

Although Joseph Smith was dead before the Temple was ready for use, he directed the building operations as long as he lived. The exterior was of white limestone, quarried near the south edge of Nauvoo. The temple proper was 180 feet long, 80 feet wide, and about 80 feet high. The tower and belfrey were almost 100 feet high, making the height from the ground to the top of the tower about 180 feet. Thirty stone pilasters, costing \$3000 each, decorated with a crescent at the base and capped with a grotesque sun god, ornamented the exterior. The architecture roughly combined the ideas of the ages, Venetian, Grecian, Egyptian, and Byzantine.

The interior was decorated with innumerable columns and frescoes. The baptismal font was the most striking part of the Temple. The following description is from "The Millennial Star," Volume 18, page 744:

"The baptismal font is situated in the center of the basement room, under the main hall of the Temple; it is constructed of pine timber, and put together of staves tongued and grooved, oval shaped, sixteen feet long east and west, and twelve feet wide, seven feet high from the foundation, the basin four feet deep, the moulding of the cap and base are formed of beautiful carved work in antique style. The sides are finished with panel work. A flight of stairs in the north and south sides leads up and down into the basin, guarded by side railing.

"This font stands upon twelve oxen, four on each side, and two at each end, their heads, shoulders, and forelegs projecting out from under the font; they are carved out of pine plank, glued together, and copied after the most beautiful five-year-old steer that could be found in the country, and they are an excellent striking likeness of the original; the horns were formed after the most perfect horn that could be procured.

"The oxen and ornamental mouldings of the font were carved by Elder Elijah Fordham, from the city of New York, which occupied eight months of time.

"This font was built for the baptisms for the dead until the Temple shall be finished, when a more durable one will supply its place."

The Temple site was awe inspiring. From the knoll above the city the sparkling waters of the Mississippi bend like a giant arm around Nauvoo, adding to the marvelous panorama of houses, trees, and green lowlands.

One million dollars was raised for temple building purposes. There is no record in evidence as to the exact amount of money spent in construction. Although unusual in appearance, the completed Temple was the most magnificent building in all the West.

But all was not well, the Saints were beginning to have trouble with their Gentile—a name applied by Mormons to all without the fold—neighbors.

"The Mormons," said the Gentiles, "can't keep their hands off other peoples' property. We'll not stand for this stealing."

Doubtless some of the Saints were thieves. There are thieves among all peoples of all faiths. The Mormons made excellent scapegoats. Nauvoo was the largest city on the frontier. Its charter made it a favorite hangout for murderers, cut-throats, border ruffians, and bandits. In today's parlance, "Nauvoo was a swell place to cool off in when the heat was on in Iowa or Missouri." A large percentage of the thieving charged to Mormons was done by the outlaws who hung out in Nauvoo.

The Gentiles whispered around the country that Joseph Smith and other officials high in church rank practiced the sinful doctrine of polygamy. This is a highly debatable question. The members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, with headquarters at Salt Lake City, practiced polygamy for many years. This church affirms that the Prophet believed in and practiced the doctrine. Polygamy was a part of the religious doctrine of the Utah Mormons. It was a man's duty to have as many wives as he could support, and the Saints, who followed their leaders' instructions, lived up to the order of polygamy until it was abolished by the church.

The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, with headquarters at Independence, Missouri, argues that Joseph did not believe in and never practiced polygamy and that Brigham Young introduced the practice after arrival in Utah.

If the doctrine was practiced in Nauvoo, it was not done openly. The polygamy revelation was not made public until nine years after it was alleged to have been written. Joseph Smith was dead, and Brigham Young released the revelation in Salt Lake City. Wilford Woodruff abolished the practice of polygamy by members of the church in 1890.

While work continued slowly on the Temple, Joseph had the Saints begin construction of the Nauvoo House, which was to be one of the finest hotels in the country. This building was never completed. The people could not work up as much zeal and enthusiasm over the hotel as they could over the Temple. Work continued on Joseph's new residence, the Mansion House, and the Saints managed to complete it at last. Large and imposing, the house had enough rooms to care for travelers and politicians, pending the completion of the hotel.

The opening of the Mansion House was another gala event. Joseph Smith was at his best while playing the role of host. Up and down the river it was said, "Old Joe, the Mormon Prophet, sets the best table on the Mississippi."



Old Jail at Carthage

Guests who were invited to the opening of the Mansion House were amazed at the beauty of its interior furnishings. Marble topped tables, candlestands of pine and maple, walnut chairs with split bottoms, a chandelier with dazzling prisms, and a red carpet as well as walnut woodwork and handsome maple furniture, recalled memories of fine homes in the east. Such elegance was unbelievable on the frontier.

After a sumptuous feast, the guests danced or played cards. Many toasts were drunk in the Prophet's favorite beverage—apple jack, sweetened with honey, and diluted with water. Gaiety and laughter echoed through the many rooms.

Joseph Smith should have been a very happy man that night, but he was worried. Whenever he moved from room to room, he felt a cold, damp breath on his neck. Fear—fear had laid hold of him. Were the Missourians coming with more warrants? Recently an attempt had been made on the life of Governor Boggs of Missouri, and it was bruited about that Porter Rockwell, a loyal Saint and friend of Joseph, had made the attempt. Could it be that someone was coming with a warrant from Ohio? Ghosts of the past stalked about the gaily lighted Mansion House. Inwardly the Prophet was trembling, but his face was masked with an affable smile.

Several days later a stranger sauntered down Mulholland Street. Soon he was followed by a gaunt, whiskered man, then another, and another. The stranger continued through the town till he reached the Mansion House. By this time several silent men—each busily whittling on a stick of soft wood—followed him. He paused, then jerked off his hat and roared with laughter.

"Whittling deacons," he shouted, "the Prophet's special spies, and none of you recognized Porter Rockwell."

The man ran toward the house. The deacons sheathed their knives and hurried away.

Rockwell brought Joseph word that the Missourians were very anxious to get extradition papers and try Joseph for murder. Trouble was starting again. Was Nauvoo going to be a repetition of Kirtland and Independence? The Prophet called a meeting of the council and directed that a group of

men supply themselves with ample provisions and set out to explore the whole western country in order that a haven of refuge might be found.

About this time John C. Bennett and Joseph came to a parting of the ways. Bennett claimed afterward that he and Joseph wanted to take the same woman as a celestial wife. Joseph ordered Bennett to leave Nauvoo which the latter did. Then the Prophet became mayor.

Judge Douglas visited Joseph frequently. Both men were native Vermonters, practically the same age. One evening after the Judge had eaten a particularly fine meal in the Mansion House, Joseph drank a glass of wine, tilted back his chair, and addressed Douglas:

"Judge," he said, "you will aspire to the presidency of the United States, but if you ever turn against me and the Saints, you will feel the weight of the hand of the Almighty upon you, for the conversation of this day will stick to you through life."

Douglas was loyal long after others had deserted the Saints, but he found it expedient at last to turn on the Mormons. He was never President!

Joseph had never aspired to office. Brother William represented Hancock County in the State Legislature, but the Prophet, prior to 1844, had preferred to manipulate officials rather than to hold office. That year, however, he looked over the national political scene and decided to run for President. With the assistance of W. W. Phelps and William Clayton, he drafted a platform skillfully designed to appeal to mass voters but none the less full of hard common sense.

He advocated a two-thirds reduction in the number of congressmen, abolition of capital punishment and life imprisonment, prison reform, employment of prisoners on roads and other public works, greater economy in government, and lower taxes. He declared in favor of the abolition of slavery by 1850, suggesting that the government sell public lands to raise funds to reimburse the slave holders for their property. Joseph wanted a national bank with branches in each state and territory. To Texas, Oregon, Mexico, and Canada he would extend an invitation to join the Union, and he advocated extension of the executive authority to enable the President to send the army into any State to put down a mob.

The missionaries over night became stump speakers. Brigham Young was made chairman of the eastern district while the rest of the country was assigned to various men. The people in Nauvoo rejoiced. If Joseph became president of the United States? Oh, the possibilities were inexhaustible.

While Joseph dreamed of riding down Pennsylvania Avenue to his inauguration with the Nauvoo Legion as escort, his enemies were busy. The Higbees had turned on him as had William and Wilson Law, and the Fosters. Secretly and in the dead of night these men had moved printing equipment into the basement of the Higbee store on Mulholland Street. Unknown, of course, to the Prophet and undiscovered by the "Whittling Deacons," they were hard at work getting out a paper.

The Prophet was writing in his study the day of June 7. Suddenly the door burst open and William Clayton dashed into the room.

"Here, read that," he gasped. "Read the dirty, filthy things they've printed about you!"

With trembling fingers the Prophet opened the paper. "The Nauvoo



Wilford Woodruff House, Nauvoo

Expositor"—the black type fairly screamed at Joseph. Then he read. Joseph Smith was accused in print of being guilty of all kinds of crimes—chiefly, however, that of adultery. He was charged with misappropriating church property. Moistening his lips, the Prophet read on. Revocation of the Nauvoo Charter was advocated. His face drained to a pasty white; then the blood surged into his neck, mounted his cheeks, and as his anger rose, dyed his face a deep crimson. Slowly he crumpled the paper in his hands and gazed out of his window at the peaceful street.

"Get the boys to find every one of these libelous sheets," he shouted. "Bring them here and burn them."

Crash, bang, his fist resounded against the desk; then he was up and out of the room, and, hatless and coatless, off down the street in a run.

Within an hour many men and women in Nauvoo had a copy of the "Expositor." Some grimly and silently read its pages, sighed, and believed it had told the truth. Others read, then eagerly fingered their guns. Like a bomb bursting in the midst of dynamite, the "Nauvoo Expositor" exploded in the faces of the citizens of Nauvoo.

Two days passed, unmarked by violence, but Nauvoo was on guard. No sounds of happy workmen filled the air. Ominous silences were broken only by the sounds of children playing soldier and the singing of birds.

Joseph convened the City Council on June 10. He did not preside. Hyrum Smith, the Prophet's brother, introduced a motion calling for the destruction of the libelous "Expositor's" press and type. Sullen angry men voted in favor of the motion. Written orders were dispatched telling the city marshal to demolish the "Expositor." The Nauvoo Legion was ordered to hold itself ready for action.

That night the marshal, his deputies, and a crowd of Mormons, including the Prophet, swarmed on the Higbee store. Burly guards stepped up to prevent the destruction of the printing plant. Fists swung, heads were cracked. Then, deputies ransacked the "Expositor" office, junked the press, pied the type, and made a gigantic bonfire out of the equipment. The City Council's orders had been carried out well. The Higbees, Fosters, and the

Laws fled to Carthage. There, they swore out warrants for Joseph and the City Council charging treason and wilful destruction of property.

Joseph refused to go to Carthage. He and the members of the City Council went before the Nauvoo Municipal Court and were dismissed.

Like flames sweeping through prairie grass, news of the destruction of the "Expositor" spread over Hancock County. Committees were appointed and resolutions adopted in meetings in Carthage and Warsaw. "The Mormons must go! The Mormons must go!" The words echoed up and down the country side. Editor Sharp of the "Warsaw Signal" editorially called for the citizens to take the law into their own hands. Guns and ammunition were ordered from Quincy and St. Louis.

Joseph mustered the Nauvoo Legion into active service June 18. "Once more," he thundered, "the Saints shall be persecuted for their faith. We must be prepared to fight for our rights."

Word was sent to the church officials stumping the country in the interest of Joseph's presidential campaign to return to Nauvoo, post haste.

Crowds swarmed to the Temple Grove, Sunday, June 21. The Prophet preached his last sermon. He insisted that the Temple be completed as rapidly as possible.

Meanwhile news of the general unrest in Hancock County spread over the state. Governor Ford hurried to Carthage to mobilize the militia of the adjoining counties in an effort to preserve peace. A very different story might have been written had the Governor stayed out of the picture.

The Governor sent word to Nauvoo, suggesting that a committee come to Carthage to confer with him. John Taylor and J. W. Bernheisel rode to Carthage and learned that Ford wanted the Smiths and the members of the City Council to come to Carthage and stand trial.

"I will promise a fair trial and absolute protection," the Governor assured the Mormon committee.

That night at the Mansion House, the Prophet and his friends argued long and loud over the Governor's request. Carthage was bitter in its hatred of the Saints, jealous over the prosperity of Nauvoo, and full of rabid men who would stop at nothing. Not a very promising place to go for a trial.

"We'd best take the Governor at his word," suggested Brother Hyrum. "He'd not dare to let us come to harm."

The Prophet paced back and forth across the room. Tiny beads of sweat glistened on his broad forehead. He was pale and weary. His blue eyes, from their deep sockets, blazed like fire.

At last he cried, "No, Brother Hyrum, no! We must escape. Freedom beckons from the other side of the river. If we go to Carthage, we shall die."

"True, true," shouted Dr. Willard Richards.

Porter Rockwell slipped down to the river to get a boat. Soon Joseph, Hyrum, and Richards stealthily made their way to the wharf. Rockwell rowed them across the water as silently as possible. He returned to Nauvoo, leaving the three men with a Mormon family near Montrose, Iowa.

The next day, June 23, preparations for flight were made. Rockwell brought ammunition, horses, mules, a few cattle and side arms to Montrose.

Three wagons were obtained. Rockwell was to accompany the Smiths, and three trusted, brave men were going to drive the teams.

Emma Smith sent a letter to Joseph criticising his actions. Rockwell reported that the Saints were hurt and angry over Joseph leaving them to face the fury of the anti-Mormon citizens. Joseph Smith was no coward; yet he felt that certain death faced him should he turn back. It was a difficult decision. Joseph had been lucky for thirty-nine years. Life had been a great adventure, and he was too young to die.

"We will return," he said at last.

III

Joseph was silent as the return journey began. The sun slanted down on the friendly river. Its brightness dazzled the eye. In the myriad flecks of sunlight floating just above the shining water, the Prophet saw many pictures. Briefly there danced before his eyes the cool banks of the Susquehanna River where he had courted Emma Hale. Now pictures of the first journey in the dead of winter to Ohio flared before him. The Kirtland Temple—first church erected by the Saints—irate townspeople applying tar and feathers to himself and Sidney Rigdon—the journey to Missouri—the decision to leave Ohio and build a Temple of Zion at Independence, Missouri—the friendly attitude of the people of Jackson County—their gradual change—then hatred and an overnight move to Clay County—fights—accusations—trouble—trouble—a month of warfare—sentenced to die before a firing squad—saved by the intervention of Generals Atchison and Doniphan—long days and longer nights in jail—at last a chance to escape—a royal welcome in Quincy—the building of a great city—power and prestige—courted by the politicians—the Church a mighty power—now, impending strife and bloodshed. The Prophet sighed and mopped his feverish head. Pictures of the past trouble and pleasure faded. The water gently slapping against the boat tinged red before his eyes. Blood would run!

The Saints bravely cheered the Prophet when he once more walked down the streets of Nauvoo. Members of the Legion called words of courage to him. Horses were brought to the Mansion House. With a dash of bravado, Joseph swung into the saddle. Just outside the city, the Mormons met Captain Dunn and a detachment of Carthage Grays. Dunn had orders from the Governor to confiscate the state arms held by the Nauvoo Legion. Joseph and his party accompanied Dunn back to Nauvoo. The state arms were surrendered peacefully. Then Joseph, Hyrum, and the members of the City Council once more set out to Carthage, this time accompanied by Captain Dunn.

Carthage was in an uproar. Men from many towns and counties stalked the streets in surly humor. The Carthage Grays, local militia, were drinking and singing boisterously. The Smiths rode into town. Epithets, threats, and mockeries were hurled at them. Sour faced, bearded strangers spat and damned the Prophet. Expecting a shot in the back each instant, Joseph and the others dismounted and went into the Hamilton House.

Early the next morning the Smiths and members of the Nauvoo City Council were brought before Justice of the Peace R. F. Smith. All were bound over to the next term of the Circuit Court and were released on

bonds. The Prophet's pleasure changed to anger and fear a few minutes later when the constable served warrants charging treason and open rebellion against the State of Illinois—charges based on Joseph's calling out the Nauvoo Legion to fight Mormon enemies and placing Nauvoo under martial law. Under the Nauvoo charter, however, Joseph had a perfect right to call out the Legion at any time. He was the all-powerful official of the city.

That night a mittimus ordering Joseph and Hyrum Smith incarcerated in the county jail was served. No preliminary hearing had been held, and Joseph rightfully raged over going to jail.

The wily Ford suggested that jail was the safest place for the Prophet. He promised that the Smiths could have comfortable quarters, that their attorneys and friends could come and go at all hours, and that a military guard would protect them day and night.

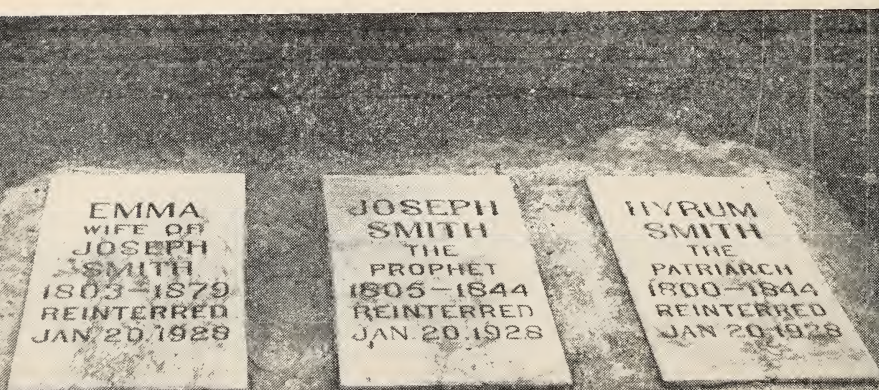
The old stone jail still stands in Carthage. It was a six-room dwelling, located just a few blocks from the square. The jailer's family lived on the first floor, and there were two rooms on the second. The Mormon prisoners were lodged in a large bedroom originally used as the debtors' quarters. The windows in this room were unbarred and the door was not locked.

Governor Ford, who had entertained the Prophet in the Executive Mansion in Springfield, visited the jail next morning. Joseph argued and raged over the injustice of the imprisonment. Ford promised a fair trial. He said that freedom of the press was guaranteed in the Constitution and that no people would stand for wanton destruction of that right. The Governor told the Smiths that he was going to investigate conditions in Nauvoo for himself and expected to locate counterfeit money which the Mormons allegedly made in large quantities.

The Governor was a weak and vacillating man. He had a problem on his hands and did not know how to solve it. He knew that Smith's enemies haunted Carthage. He knew that the anti-Mormons of Hancock and adjoining counties had been worked into a feverish pitch of excitement by the destruction of the "Nauvoo Expositor." When he marched off with the militia to make a show of power in Nauvoo, he signed the Smiths' death warrant.

Enroute to Nauvoo he changed his mind about over-awing the Mormons with a display of military power. At Golden's Point, designated rendezvous, he ordered the members of the McDonough County militia to return home,

Graves of Joseph and Hyrum Smith and Emma Smith Bidamon



and sent the same word to the Warsaw forces.

Back in the Carthage jail, the prisoners and their friends, Willard Richards and John Taylor, tried to keep comfortable in the hot, stuffy quarters. Joseph sensed their acute danger and dispatched a note to Nauvoo, ordering the Legion to equip itself with privately owned arms and rush to the outskirts of Carthage. The note was undelivered.

Governor Ford arrived in Nauvoo, made a brief speech on the sacred qualities of the law, and hurried back toward Carthage. He realized that he had left the prisoners virtually unprotected. What if they should be murdered? Might not there be a Mormon uprising, and might not the death of the Prophet be avenged with the blood of the Governor?

Meantime the Warsaw troops divided. Under the advice of Dr. Charles Hay, the more peaceful went home. The fiery zeal and eloquence of Editor Sharp lashed the rest toward Carthage.

In the jail, Joseph, Hyrum, Richards, and Taylor talked and slaked their thirst with cool wine. At Joseph's request, Taylor sang a hymn. His voice was doleful and low. Suddenly he stopped short, paralyzed by activities outside the jail. Men and boys, their faces stained black, yellow, and red, were creeping single file toward the building. They broke into a run. Whooping and shouting, they surrounded the jail. The small detachment of Carthage Grays aimed high, fired a few volleys, and beat a hasty retreat. Reinforcements did not arrive for several minutes. Savage, lusting for violence, the mobsters stormed the jail and made for the stairs. Bullets crashed through the door which the Prophet could not lock. Shots sang through the open windows. Joseph coolly stood by the slightly opened door. Three times his pistol smoked. The mob halted.

A bullet bored through the wooden door and struck Hyrum in the nose. As he slumped, another bullet caught him through the heart.

"I am dead," he sobbed as he fell.

Joseph and Taylor made for the windows. A bullet caught Taylor. He sank to the floor. As he crawled toward a bed, two more bullets struck him. The Prophet looked out of the window, guns cracked, his body hurtled through the air and struck the curb of the jail yard well.

Joseph Smith, Prophet, Seer, and Revelator was dead. As preparations were made to remove his body, a cannon boomed nearby and was answered by a second cannon in the distance.

Boom—boom—knell of doom—the people all over Hancock County and those across the river knew that the Prophet was dead. Steamboat whistles splintered the air, mill whistles screamed, and the bells clanged to spread the news. Groups gathered in the streets to celebrate. Then the bravery of the mob wore off. The Warsaw crowd set off for home as fast as it could march. Frightened men, women, and children of Carthage saddled or harnessed horses and galloped to Henderson and McDonough Counties. Blood might be avenged in blood.

The bodies of the Prophet and the Patriarch, and Taylor, still alive, despite his wounds, were carried to the Hamilton House. Richards sent word to Nauvoo for the people to do nothing rash. Governor Ford, crazed with fear, promised that the full force of the State would be mobilized to bring the murderers to justice. Then he set out for Quincy as fast as his horse

could gallop, pursued the entire way, he imagined, by vengeance bent Mormons.

The bodies of the Smiths were taken to Nauvoo the next day. An honor guard of the Nauvoo Legion escorted the cortege through the city. Muffled drums sounded mournfully through the streets. At last the bodies of the martyred Saints were buried not far from the Mississippi.

IV

The Mormons were demoralized. Gradually the mobsters returned to their homes as it became apparent that no immediate vengeance would take place. What would be the future of the Church? The leaders were away, the Temple not yet completed, and the Prophet dead.

Sidney Rigdon was the first man to reach Nauvoo after the murders. He made plans to become the Saints' new leader. John C. Bennett, former mayor, wrote to inquire if he had any chance to succeed Joseph. There was much talk and speculation. Then Brigham Young, the Lion of the Lord, came home.

The Saints gathered in the Temple Grove. No longer were they a cheerful, contented lot. Suffering, grief, and fear marked their faces. What of the future? Brigham, bellowing into the teeth of a gusty wind, swayed the multitude. Cries of "Amen" and "Hosannah" filled the air. Brigham proclaimed that the properly constituted body to guide the church, until the Lord provided another Prophet, Seer, and Revelator, was the Quorum of Twelve. He was its President. When Brigham finished speaking, hope lighted the faces of the Saints. Brigham grew in stature in their eyes until he seemed as tall as Joseph. Although not as handsome or charming as the beloved Prophet, he had a look of power and courage. Henceforth he was to be the leader!

Emma Smith took no part in the proceedings. From the time of Joseph's death until his son became president of the Reorganized Church, Emma had little to do with Mormonism. Some time after Joseph's death, she married Major L. C. Bidamon, a non-Mormon. They ran the hotel profitably for many years.

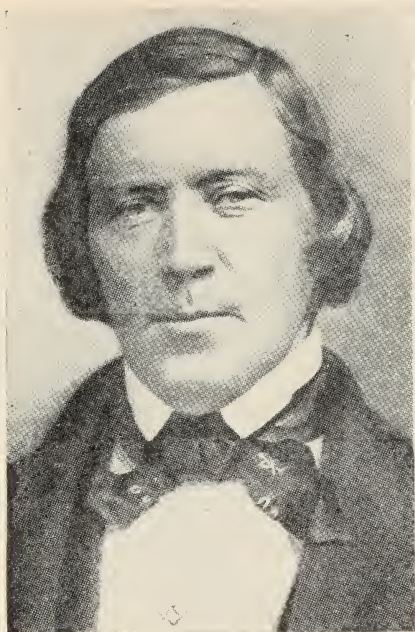
Sidney Rigdon proved to be a nuisance; so Brigham read him out of the Church and "handed him over to Satan to be buffeted for a thousand years." Many Mormons renounced the Church and left Nauvoo.

Hancock County was no more peaceful after the Prophet's murder than it had been before. Gentile and Mormon could not get along together. A school house at Green Plains, south of Warsaw, was fired upon by Mormons (so said the anti-Mormons) and this set the mobsters to riding through the night to pillage, plunder, and burn Mormon property. Terror raged through the county. Homeless, fear-tortured Mormons fled to shelter in Nauvoo. Many murders were committed. Neither Mormon or anti-Mormon knew when he went to bed if he would ever see the sun again.

Committees met in Quincy and in many other towns to draft notes to the Mormon leader, Brigham Young. Governor Ford sent Judge Stephen A. Douglas, General John J. Hardin, Major W. B. Warren, and Attorney General T. A. McDougal to Hancock County to end the lawlessness. There was peace for a short time.

At last the pressure became too great and Brigham Young agreed in

**Brigham Young,
in the days at Nauvoo**



September that if the Gentiles would cooperate with the Mormons in trading land for cattle, oxen, wagons, and other supplies, he would lead his people out of the State of Illinois.

Once more Nauvoo hummed with industry, but it was not the joyous, happy work of creating a city where once had been a swamp. Grim men in every shop and warehouse were making wagons, harness, and equipment for the coming journey. Jonathan Browning and his helpers busily made and repaired guns and pistols so that every family might be armed.

At last the pressure became too great and Brigham Young agreed in busy day and night performing baptisms and conferring endowments. All had to be re-baptized at the Temple before leaving Nauvoo. All the horses, cattle, and sheep available were brought to Nauvoo. The first wagons crossed the ice of the Mississippi to Iowa, February 4, 1846. Slowly the wagon trains set out. By mid-summer about 1600 persons had left Nauvoo and were camped near Montrose, Iowa, or strung out in the wake of Brigham's lead-off party.

Many followed Brigham to Utah. Others scattered. Some renounced Mormonism. Many remained faithful to the Smiths and later became followers of the Prophet's son. The anti-Mormons could hardly believe that the Saints were leaving. Yet many remained in Nauvoo on some pretext or other. Some were too old or too ill to travel. Others had to look after property until disposals were made. A year passed, and there were still many Mormons in Nauvoo. "Get them out before election," became the cry. Armed men went to Nauvoo. Brief encounters took place for several days. The Mormons were hopelessly outnumbered; so the Mormon War ended quickly. The mobsters drove the last of the followers of Joseph forth from the city.

Nauvoo—the beautiful—pride of the western frontier fell into decay. Gone were an industrious, frugal, thrifty people. Gone to build up a mighty city in the mountains of Utah. Zealous believers in the faith they professed, thousands turned their backs on the comforts of civilized Nauvoo to follow Brigham into the setting sun. Across the vast, arid expanses of the western country, this weather-beaten yet fearless crowd of men, women, and children journeyed. Persecutions, hardships, suffering had been their lot—but faith overcomes all things.

* * * *

Westward they plodded to make the first permanent Anglo-Saxon settlement between the Rockies and the Pacific, to introduce the practice of irrigation in the arid wastes, to be the first white settlers in the Great American desert. Some to sail by sea from New York to colonize the little Spanish town of Yerba Buena—San Francisco. To be the first to establish permanent settlements in northern Arizona, Wyoming, Utah, and Idaho. To colonize San Bernardino and San Diego, California.

Monument commemorating the organization of the National Woman's Relief Society





Ferry to Montrose, Iowa

On that winding strand of the "Mississip,"
At the big, broad bend where the waters dip,
On the hill and flat stand the houses old—
What a wondrous tale they can still unfold—
And they beckon welcome to you and you
From that friendly city of old Nauvoo.

Looking at Nauvoo from the Iowa shore



The Icarian Experiment

BY WILL GRIFFITH

OFTEN we have heard the saying, "There is nothing new under the sun." While this may be slightly exaggerated, it is, in the main, true. Today the world is experimenting in many countries and climes with new modes and methods of government. That is, they are called new. In reality they are old. Old as history, almost. Perhaps put forth under a new name, but in all essential points something that has been tried many times in the past.

Communism and socialism are, to many people, products of modern thought. That is an error. They have been tried many times in many places under many names. With always the same ultimate result.

In far off sunny France in 1847, one, Etienne Cabet, was organizing a band of his followers, believers in his communistic ideas, to leave their homeland, to come to America to prove the practicability of his ideas.

Cabet, in France, had been involved with numerous revolutionary organizations. Louis Philippe was the ruler of the country. Cabet, along with his friends, felt that the common people did not have sufficient voice in the government nor enough opportunities to enjoy the fruits of their labors. Following an outbreak at Paris, on the occasion of the funeral of General Lamarque in 1832, Cabet, who, by that time, had been elected to a seat in the national House of Deputies, was given a choice by the government (on account of his revolutionary preachments) of two years in prison or five years of banishment. He chose the latter and sought refuge in England. During his five year stay in the land of the British, Cabet studied and meditated over the plight of the poorer classes and ultimately became a true communist.

Re-admitted to France, in 1839, he published, in 1840, a book of six hundred pages entitled, "A Voyage to Icaria." In this volume, he told of a mythical country in some far off isolated land where one, Icar, had, in 1782, led a reformation movement that resulted in the ideal country, run by an ideal form of government, and peopled with citizens leading ideal lives. Completely communistic, Icaria was the land of milk and honey, a Utopia, in short, the spot long sought but, up to that time, undiscovered.

France was ripe for such propaganda; the people disturbed, the country in a state of unrest, taxes high, the common people ruled by autocratic officials and prosperity not even "around the corner." Cabet followed his book with the issuance of a journal and a couple of years later started publication of an almanac. All these preached his theory of communism. As he progressed in his work, he became, running true to form, more radical in his views. Among other expressions was one that claimed that the mission of Jesus was to proclaim social equality among men and that Christ was the greatest teacher of communism ever to preach upon this earth.

In May, 1847, Cabet's journal, the "Populaire," announced plans for an immigration to "Icaria." There seems to be no doubt that, at first, he did

not plan nor even consider the formation of a communistic colony, but continued persecutions and the growing menace of he knew not what, in the troubled state of France, led him, step by step, to the resolution that brought about this interesting and illuminating chapter in the life of Hancock County, Illinois.

His first announcement stated that a year would be needed for preparation, but the people who were his followers were so eager and anxious to start that the time for departure was advanced. There was a state of unrest throughout the world, an era of trials, of new orders, a time for the idealists to cash in on the mental disturbances of the people. Robert Dale Owen had a somewhat similar project at New Harmony, Indiana; Hawthorne, Dana, Margaret Fuller, Channing, and Ripley were trying their Brook Farm experiment in New England; the Zoarite settlement in Ohio and the Rappist community in Pennsylvania seemingly were flourishing. It appears beyond any chance of dispute that Cabet was directed by Robert Owen to the location he proclaimed as his selection in the New World. Official announcements stated that northeastern Texas offered the most advantages in climate, area, soil fertility, and many other inducements. One million acres were obtained by the Icarians.



Icarian Apartment House, Nauvoo

Early in 1849, Cabet reached this country with the last of his followers which brought the total of the communists under his orders in America to 480. The Texas effort had not been a success. The million acres, they had been led to believe would be theirs, had, in reality, been dependent upon the erection and occupancy of a house upon each half section within a specified time. At the expiration of this period, it was found the Icarians had, by great effort and labor, erected thirty-two log cabins which gave them 10,240 acres. The balance of the million acres could be purchased by them for one dollar an acre. Moreover this acreage was not contiguous as expected. The half sections allotted to the Icarians for colonization were scattered over a million acres, with a checker-board effect. This arrangement effectively barred common dining rooms, community kitchens, and the true communis-

tic life that had been planned.

The soil of Texas was entirely different from that they had known in France. They could not handle the western land successfully. By March, 1849, it was decided to abandon the Texas location. There were not enough funds in the common treasury to carry the immigrants through the two years that would be required to get the Texas land in shape to support them. Upon the decision to abandon the Texas site, 200 of the band withdrew and returned to France. The balance voted to seek another location and there put into effect their idea of life.

Shortly before this debacle in Texas, the Mormon exodus from Nauvoo, Illinois, had ended. Here was a providentially ready-made haven for the Icarians. They journeyed from the mouth of the Mississippi, up the river, to Nauvoo. They found homes ready for occupancy with but little cost to obtain. Here were storerooms and factories ready with very little expenditure necessary. The Mormons had neither the time nor the opportunity to dispose of their holdings at anything like true worth. Fertile land lay around the town in an advanced state of cultivation. Certainly if communism could succeed any place, it must under these starting conditions.

The Icarians were different from the Mormons. Where the Mormons had stressed religion, the Icarians did just the opposite. They had no established church—no compulsory religion. Most of the other societies that have attempted planned living have been organized on a religious basis. This group disdained any set religious obligation.

In Cabet's plan the life of the company was absolutely communistic. The children were reared under the communistic system. They were taken when young, put in charge of nurses and teachers, and taught to love all persons through good will. Husband and wife had a private home or rooms in a lodging house, but the children lived in public buildings and the schools, allowed only a part of their Sundays in the homes of their parents. The children were the common property of the commune. Separate schools were maintained for the boys and girls. The children were reared morally. The entire commune, that at first grew rapidly, ate in the community dining hall. It seated 1200 people, having 120 tables, seating ten persons each. The food was conveyed from the community kitchens into the dining hall and to the tables by a sort of miniature railroad.

Whatever the work that needed to be done, workers were assigned to do it without regard to qualifications or desires. Artists plowed the fields, sculptors labored in the distillery, cabinet makers worked in the vineyards. A talented fresco painter was put to digging coal, a noted French railway construction engineer was placed in charge of the wheezy engine of the flour mill while a former army officer, wearer of the Legion of Honor, and a physician, graduate of two German universities, served the community as wood-choppers.

An attempt was made to rebuild and rehabilitate the Mormon Temple which the Icarians had bought for \$1,000. While the work was under way, a tornado completely wrecked the ruins, the stone walls falling to the ground. The project was abandoned. Stones from the Temple were used to build the school house, this structure still standing today.

The Icarians bought a distillery and began to manufacture whiskey. They planted vineyards around the town, and in the course of time, manufactured wine. The whiskey was made to sell at a profit to others, the wine to drink themselves.

As will happen in all such idealistic movements, dissention and discord came into being. In France, before sailing for the Icarian community in America, each and every member of the band was required to sign the "Icarian Engagement" to be in effect for ten years. This was a pledge, among other things, to accept Cabet as a leader and dictator for that period. At first all were satisfied. Then, as time passed, ambition crept in, then jealousy took over from ambition, and dissention appeared. Some did not approve of Cabet's rule. In common with all dictators, Cabet, apparently, could not stand the power entrusted to him. He became more intolerant, more fanatical. Personal apparel had to be the same throughout the commune. All were required to dress simply. No trinkets nor jewelry were permitted. Even keepsakes and relics from the old country were barred. There could be no distinction among members. All must share evenly in everything.

With each succeeding month more dissatisfaction flared. In time, the discontented became in the majority. Cabet was unseated as dictator and a friend of his, Gerard, chosen in his place. Gerard arranged to resign and to have Cabet restored to his post. The overthrow of the ten year reign came about midway of the span and with arrangements in regard to Cabet taking the place of Gerard, the term was reduced to one year. This arrangement lasted only for a few months, resulting in a division of the commune into two sections or parties. The followers of Cabet were in the minority. Tempers became ragged, feuds sprang up, the end was close at hand. Cabet and his followers were forced to live on the dole of the majority. In a short time, he and his most loyal followers were expelled from the community.

Icaria was disintegrating. The former leader, with about 180 followers, left Nauvoo to settle at Cheltenham, Missouri, near St. Louis. Cabet expected to found another communistic state there, but the strain had been too great. He died in a few days from a stroke of apoplexy, November 8, 1856. Most of the other faction left Nauvoo, crossed the Mississippi River, and re-established themselves in Iowa between the present-day towns of Corning and Creston. In this new environment, under new and different leaders, the communistic plan again proved to be unworkable and impractical.

Thus ends the story of the Icarians. An ideal, started with great promise, ended in failure and death. Cabet died in almost poverty. Socialist, communist, idealist, poet, dreamer, lover of his fellow men, he was unable to accomplish his dreams. He could not overcome the fundamental nature of man.

The fault was not with the people, the error was that of the system. Quite a number of the Icarians declined to leave Nauvoo with either of the groups and remained in Hancock County. Their descendants give evidence that all that was at fault was the plan of Cabet. He is, today, an almost forgotten man, his work a failure, wrecked on the rock of human nature.

Sights and Sites

NAUVOO has no street signs. The names of the streets have been changed, in many instances, from those of the Mormon days, but some of the residents still use the old names. The points of interest have been numbered and marked with signs. Location of these places can be found by the use of the map. Highway 96 makes a right-angled turn just below St. Mary's Convent. From this point a visitor can locate easily the places shown on the map and described here.

1. **JOSEPH SMITH HOMESTEAD.** The original log cabin which Joseph Smith occupied upon coming to Nauvoo is the oldest house now standing in Nauvoo. The left wing and part of the rear of the house have been added to the initial cabin. The building houses a museum and is a shrine to the Prophet.

2. **GRAVES OF JOSEPH AND HYRUM SMITH AND EMMA SMITH BIDAMON.** In an enclosed area lie the bodies of Joseph and Hyrum Smith and Joseph's widow, Emma Smith Bidamon, interred in a tri-part crypt. In January, 1928, the bodies of Joseph and Hyrum were found. Their graves had been kept secret for fear of molestation. Within the enclosed area are two limestone blocks, bases of Temple pilasters, gifts of Emile J. Baxter.

3. **MANSION HOUSE.** Joseph Smith's home from 1843 to his death. The interior is practically the same as during his occupancy. Copies of the "Times and Seasons," "Doctrines and Covenant," foreign editions of the "Book of Mormon," the desk used by the Prophet and other relics of the Mormon days are on exhibition. As built by Joseph Smith, the house had twenty-two rooms. It was not weather-boarded. Many of the original panes of window glass are still in use, as well as the door sills and window frames.

4. **NAUVOO HOUSE.** Building started on this structure by Joseph Smith in 1841 but never completed. It was intended to be a guest house for the many visitors that came to see him. Planned to be 120 feet x 40 feet with an ell of the same dimensions to extend at right angles along the river bank, it was completed as it now stands by L. C. Bidamon, husband of Joseph Smith's widow. The foundation as planned is still standing on the street side. (Headquarters for guide service for tour of the Mormon dwellings.)

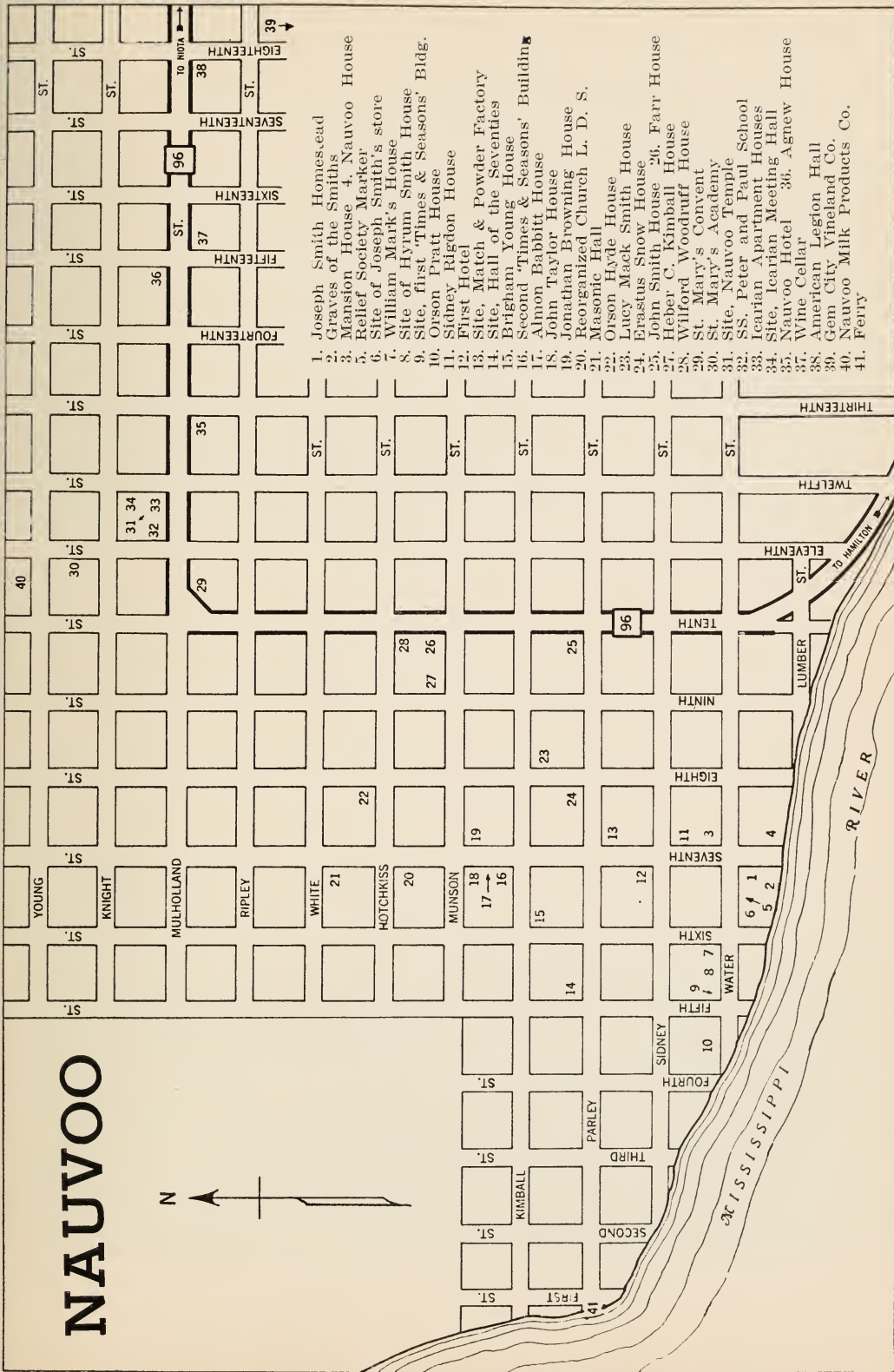
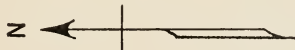
5. **NATIONAL WOMAN'S RELIEF SOCIETY MARKER.** This monument commemorates the organization in 1842 of the society, one of the oldest such organizations in the United States that has had a continuous existence. It marks the beginning of the Utah Trail.

6. **SITE OF JOSEPH SMITH'S STORE.** The head of the church and the mayor of Nauvoo, Joseph Smith, also operated a general store. The foundation stones can still be seen.

7. WILLIAM MARKS HOUSE (private). Marks was president of the Nauvoo Stake of Zion.
8. SITE OF THE HYRUM SMITH HOUSE. Only a few stones remain to show where stood the home of the Patriarch, Hyrum Smith.
9. SITE OF THE FIRST "TIMES AND SEASONS" BUILDING. Until 1845, the Mormon newspaper was printed here. Only a few foundation stones remain.
10. ORSON PRATT HOUSE. Pratt was one of the original Quorum of Twelve Apostles of the Mormon church and, with Erastus Snow, the first to enter Salt Lake Valley on the westward march of the Mormons.
11. SIDNEY RIGDON HOUSE (private). This was the first postoffice in Nauvoo.
12. FIRST HOTEL IN NAUVOO (private). Part of the hotel is incorporated in the two-story frame house.
13. SITE OF THE MATCH AND POWDER FACTORY.
14. SITE OF HALL OF THE SEVENTIES.
15. BRIGHAM YOUNG HOUSE (private).
16. THE SECOND "TIMES AND SEASONS" BUILDING.
17. ALMON BABBITT HOUSE. Babbitt served as trustee for the Church, remaining in Nauvoo, after the banishment of the Mormons, to liquidate as much as possible of their holdings.
18. JOHN TAYLOR HOUSE. Taylor, editor of the "Times and Seasons," was with Joseph and Hyrum Smith in the Carthage jail at the time the two Smiths were killed. After the death of Brigham Young, Taylor became president of the Utah church.
19. JONATHAN BROWNING HOUSE. In preparation for the westward migration of the Mormons from Nauvoo, Brigham Young had Browning make and repair guns and firearms for the Mormons. Browning's son later invented the Browning machine gun, used for many years by the United States Army.
20. CHURCH BUILDING OF THE REORGANIZED CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS. Headquarters of this organization are at Independence, Missouri, with Dr. Frederick M. Smith, grandson of Joseph Smith, as president.
21. THE MASONIC HALL (private). Originally of three stories, the third story was removed upon remodeling. Here met the Nauvoo Lodge of which Joseph Smith was a member. At that time it was the largest Masonic body in the state of Illinois, with 283 members.
22. ORSON HYDE HOUSE (private). One of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles of the Mormon church, Hyde initiated its missionary work in England.

23. LUCY MACK SMITH HOUSE (private). Home of the mother of Joseph Smith.
24. ERASTUS SNOW HOUSE (private). Lorenzo Snow is believed to have occupied half of this house. He was one of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles of the Mormon church and became, in 1898, the fifth president of the Utah Church.
25. JOHN SMITH HOUSE (private). Home of the uncle of Joseph Smith.
26. LORIN FARR HOUSE (private). At Nauvoo, Farr taught the children of Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, John Taylor, and many others, and was president of the Council of the Seventies. He was one of the founders of Ogden, Utah, and the first mayor of that city.
27. HEBER C. KIMBALL HOUSE (private). This house had a look-out platform for observation up and down the river. Kimball was one of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles at Nauvoo and later Lieutenant-Governor of Deseret, before its organization as the territory of Utah.
28. WILFORD WOODRUFF HOUSE (private). Woodruff was one of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles at Nauvoo and later was the fourth president of the Utah Church. His proclamation issued September 25, 1890, instructed the Latter Day Saints to abandon the practice of polygamy and to obey the laws of the United States. His act brought peace between the Mormons and the Federal Government. He took part in the dedication of the Temple at Nauvoo and of the Temple at Salt Lake City, Utah.
29. ST. MARY'S CONVENT. Convent of the Benedictine Sisters.
30. ST. MARY'S ACADEMY. Catholic boarding school for girls. The small stone building at the rear once served as the arsenal for the Nauvoo Legion. A shrine to St. Mary is at the north end of the campus.
31. SITE OF THE NAUVOO TEMPLE.
32. SS. PETER AND PAUL SCHOOL. Built of stone from the Mormon Temple by the Icarians and now owned by the Catholic church.
33. TWO ICARIAN APARTMENT HOUSES (private).
34. SITE OF THE ICARIAN MEETING HALL. Burned 1938.
35. NAUVOO HOTEL. Many Mormon relics, including Joseph Smith's bed and other furniture owned by the Prophet.
36. JOSEPH AGNEW HOUSE (private). The residence, according to tradition, of the youth who set fire to the Mormon Temple.
37. WINE CELLAR (apply at adjoining house). One of the original wine cellars built after the introduction of wine making into Nauvoo.
38. AMERICAN LEGION HALL. Built in 1853 entirely of stone from the Mormon Temple.
39. GEM CITY VINELAND CO. Wines, grape juice, etc.
40. NAUVOO MILK PRODUCTS CO. Makers of Nauvoo Blue Cheese.
41. FERRY to Montrose, Iowa.

NAUVOO



UNUSUAL “BUSINESS AS USUAL”

NAUVOO is not a town living in the past, nor does it depend upon that past for livelihood. It is proud of its historic past. It is just as proud of its self-sustaining present. In addition to the usual businesses of a town of its size, Nauvoo has several more or less unusual ones.

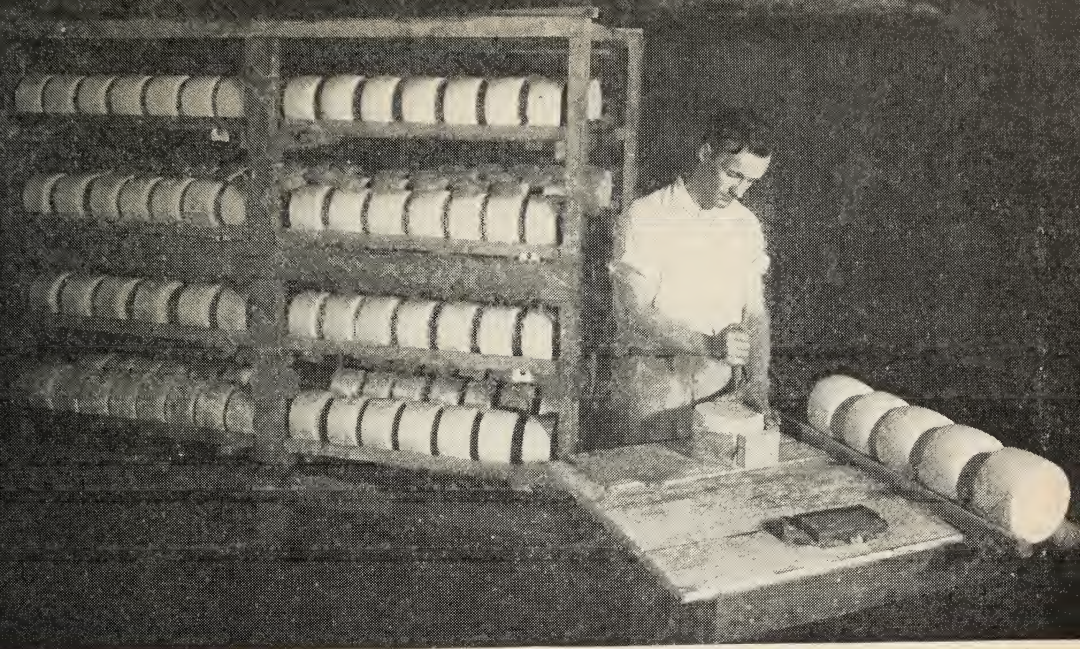
If you want a glass of cold grape juice or tangy wine, a bite of cave-aged cheese, a case of delicious berries, a basket of luscious colorful grapes, a bushel of apples or pears, instructions in airplane handling, or, just the quiet enjoyment of genuine antiques—you have only to hop into your car and drive over good concrete highways to Nauvoo, Illinois. You will find all these and many more items of interest.

An airplane ride over Nauvoo, will show the city is built on a slowly rising bluff surrounded by the river on practically three sides. This naturally would give good air drainage to the growing crops—the foresight of the early settlers. In Nauvoo, the hillsides are covered with vineyards. It was back in 1851 that Father J. C. Alleman brought grape vines to Nauvoo. Today the bell hanging in the belfrey of SS. Peter and Paul Church, symbolizes this important industry of the community. The bell is beautifully embossed with grape vines and clusters of that fruit. Father Alleman brought this bell to Nauvoo about ninety years ago.

Maybe you like grape jelly on your morning toast. Many housewives of the Nauvoo community make pin money selling jellies. If you desire wine to

Vineyard Scene, Nauvoo





Within a curing cave of Nauvoo Blue Cheese

drink you'll find thousands of gallons are made annually. Some kind will suit your palate as the independent wineries make Riesling, Ives, Catawba, Concord, and Norton—a port type wine. Grape juice, of course, is made from those luscious dark blue grapes.

Emil Baxter, a director of the Icarian movement, started the first winery in Nauvoo in 1857. His descendants have remained in the business. Along with time, methods of production have changed materially. In place of little one-horse plows and knapsack sprayers seen years ago, today, you will see tractors with various cultivating attachments and sprayers, pulled with tractors, spraying two full rows in one operation. Today the Baxters are the largest independent growers in Nauvoo.

Nauvoo boasts the greatest diversified fruit interests in Illinois. No matter what your tastes, you will find a seasonable fruit you like: strawberries, raspberries, boysenberries, blackberries, cherries, plums, apricots, peaches, apples, pears, and those ever-present dark blue grapes. Many hundreds of people are employed during the harvest season. It is estimated over 1200 cars are produced annually with shipments of two-thirds of that amount going out by truck and rail. A generation or two ago, you would have seen at the river docks, barrels and barrels of wine to be loaded, weekly, for distant markets. Today all wines produced are packed in grape design glassware, beautifully labeled.

The Leonard J. Schrader School of Aeronautics gives flying instruction. Either pleasure or transport flying is taught, classroom work being combined with practical flying experience. One of the most beautiful scenic views in Hancock County is the vista spreading out below the Schrader airport, two miles south of town on a plateau overlooking the Mississippi River.

Cheese lovers are interested in the Nauvoo Milk Products Company. Nauvoo is one of the few spots in the United States that produces a Roquefort type cheese. The factory and caves for curing are located in the town proper. Milk is received from nearby farms each morning. The curds, to which has been added a pure mold culture, are put into hoops to form the cheese. These are placed on racks in the curing caves and allowed to cure for a period of approximately ninety days. Cheese are taken from caves, washed in clear water, wrapped in tin foil and parchment and placed in wooden cases, six cheese per case, then sent to cold storage for an additional period of mellowing of about two months. The product is then ready for sale.

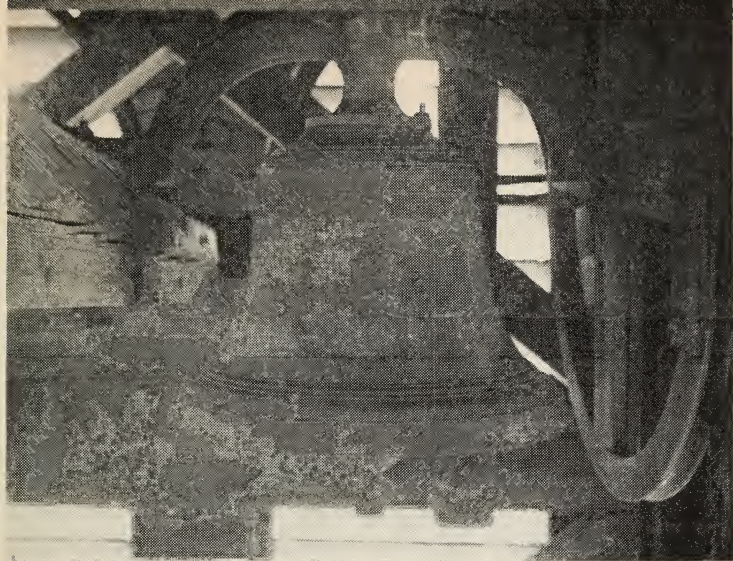
Nauvoo Blue Cheese is quite noted for its fine peppery flavor so characteristic of blue-veined cheeses. Its fame is spreading rapidly over the country. Charles B. Driscoll in his newspaper column "New York Day by Day" gives Nauvoo Blue Cheese his heartiest recommendation, saying "this is a tastier cheese than we used to get from the caves around Roquefort, in France."

On Highway 96 on the "flat" is Layton Lodge. Here Captain and Mrs. Layton display their handicraft in shells. Each winter the Laytons spend their time in Florida catching the various shell fish that furnish them with the beautiful shells they use in creating their unique dolls and ornaments.

One of the most important industries in this country is that of producing future citizens. The schools of America are its foundries of character. St. Mary's Academy, conducted by the Benedictine Sisters, offers a grade and high school course for girls. Enrollment shows students from eleven states. Founded in 1874 this school has continued through the years serving its students, church, and country. St. Mary's is ideally situated on the bluffs overlooking the Mississippi River and its beautiful valley.

View of St. Mary's Academy





Bell of SS. Peter and Paul Church cast in St. Louis by Fr. Mayer in 1852.

GRAPE FESTIVAL

EACH year, starting on the Friday of the second week in September, and continuing for three days, Nauvoo holds its Grape Festival.

Each evening the ceremony of the Wedding of the Wine and the Cheese is held. Nauvoo is the only place in the United States where this unique fete can be observed. The program is patterned after those of a similar nature held for centuries in Southern France.

A Grape Queen is crowned, conducted tours are made to all the historic Mormon places, bands play, a festival spirit is rife, entertainment is plentiful.

There are tours of the wine cellars, displays of grapes and fruits, grape juice and wine booths—a profusion of colorful taste-stimulating products of the orchard and vineyard.

Here are three full days and nights of entertainment in the most unique town in the Mississippi valley. _____

Many other places of interest to the visitor are to be found in neighboring cities and towns. Among them are the following:

ILLINOIS

Carthage—County seat of Hancock County. The old jail, in which Joseph and Hyrum Smith were in custody at the time of their assassination, is open to the public. Carthage College, a Lutheran institution, is located at the eastern edge of the city.

Warsaw—Site of Ft. Edwards, marked by granite obelisk. In the town are the two homes of John Hay, statesman, author, and poet.

Hamilton—The eastern end of the Keokuk-Hamilton dam.

IOWA

Keokuk—Statue of Chief Keokuk in Rand Park. Industrial city.

Ft. Madison—Iowa State Penitentiary.

Burlington—Flint Hills State Park. New defense powder plant.



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